

The First PART of the
HISTORY
OF THE
KING and COBLER,
SHEWING

How King *Henry VIII.* used to visit the Watches
in the City, his Acquaintance with a merry
Cobler: How he was entertained in the Cobler's
Cellar; and what had lik'd to befall them.



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T H E
H I S T O R Y
Of the K I N G and *Cobler.*

C H A P. I.

How K. Henry the VIII. used to visit the Watches in the City, and how he came acquainted with a merry jovial Cobler.

IT was the Custom of King *Henry* the Eighth, to walk late in the Night into the City disguised, to take Notice how the Constables and Watch perform'd their Duty, not only in carefully guarding the City Gates, but also diligently watching the inward Parts of the City, that so they might prevent those Disturbances and Casualties which often happen in great and populous Cities in the Night. This he did oftentimes without the least Discovery who he was, return ng home to *Whitehall* early in the

the Morning. Now in his Return home through the Strand, he took Notice of a certain Cobler, who was constantly up at Work, whistling and singing every Morning; he resolved to see him, and to be acquainted with him; in order to which he immediately knockt off the Heel of his Shoe, by hitting it against a Stone; having so done, he bounc'd at the Cobler's Stall.

Who's there ? Cries the Cobler.

Here's one said, said the King.

With that the Cobler opened the Stall Door, and the King asked him, if he could set on his *Heel*.

Yes that I can, says the Cobler, *come in honest Fellow, and sit thee Down by me, and I will do it for you straight.* The Cobler scrap'd his Awls and old Shoes to one Side, to make Room for the King to sit by him.

The King being hardly able to forbear laughing at the Kindness of the Cobler, asked him, if there was not an House hard by which sold a Cup of Ale, and the People were up.

Yea, said the Cobler, there is an Inn over the Way, where I believe the Folks are up, for the Carriers go from thence very early in the Morning.

With that the King borrowed an Old Shoe of the Cobler, and went over to the Inn, desiring the Cobler to bring his Shoe to him thither so soon as he had put the Heel on again; the Cobler promised he would, so making what Haste he could to put the Heel on, he carried it over to the King, saying,

Honest Blade, here is thy Shoe again; I'll warrant thee it will not come off again in haste. Very

Very well, said the King what must you have for your Pains?

A Couple of Pence, answered the Cobler.

Well, said the King, seeing thou art an honest merry Fellow, here's a Teaster for thee; come sit thee down by me, I will drink a full Pot with thee. Come here is a good Health to the King.

With all my Heart, said the Cobler, *I will pledge thee, were it in Water.*

So the Cobler sat down by the King, and was very merry, and drank off his Liquor very freely. He also sung some of his merry Songs and Catches, whereat the King laughed heartily, and was very pleasant and jocund with the Cobler, telling him withal, that his Name was *Hary Tudor*, and that he belonged to the Court; and if he would come and see him there, he would make him very welcome, because he was such merry Company; and charged him to be there, and not to forget his Name, and to ask any one for him about the Court, and they would bring him to him: For, said the King, I am very well known there.

Now the Cobler little dreamed that he was the King which spoke to him, much less that the King's Name was *Hary Tudor*; therefore, with a great deal of Confidence, he stands up, and pulls off his Hat, and makes two or three Scrapes with his Leg and gives the King many Thanks; also telling him that he was one of the honestest Fellows he ever met with in all his Life-time, and though he had never been at Court, yet it should not be long before he would make a Holy-day to come and see him.

Whereupon

Whereupon the King discharging the House for what they had drank, would have taken his Leave from the Cobler.

But the Cobler not being willing to part with the King, took him by the Hand, and said, " By my faith, you must not go yet: You shall first go and see my poor Habitation: I have there a Tub of good broun Ale, that was never tapp'd yet; you must needs go and taste of it, for you are the honestest Blade that I ever met withal; and I love an honest merry Companion with all my Heart.



CHAP. II.

How the Cobler entertained the King in his Cellar; and of the Disturbance they'd like to have had by the Cobler's Wife Joan.

SO the Cobler took the King with him over the Way, where he had a Cellar adjoining to the Stall, which was handsomely and neatly furnished for a Man of his Profession; into his Cellar he had the King: There, (said he, sit down, you are very welcome; but I must desire you to speak softly, for Fear of wakning my Wife Joan, who lies here hard by, (shewing the King a close Bed made neatly up at one Corner of the Cellar, much like

like into a Closet for if she should awake, she will make your Ears ding again.

At which Speech of the Cobler's, the King laughed, and told him he would be mindful to observe his Directions.

Whereupon the Cobler kindled the Fire, and fetch'd out a brown Loaf, from which he cut a lusty Toast. Which he set a baking at the Fire; then he brought out his *Cheshire* Cheese. Come said he, will you eat some *Cheshire* Cheese. There is as good Fellowship in eating as there is in drinking.

Which made the King admire the honest Freedom of the Cobler: So having eaten a Bit, the Cobler began a Health to all true Hearts and merry Companions; at which the King smiled, saying, *God a mercy Friend, I'll pledge you.*

In this Manner they eat together, until it was almost break of Day. The Cobler being very free of his Liquor, and delighting the King with several of his old Stories, insomuch that the King was very highly pleased with the Manner of the Cobler's Intertainment; when on a sudden the Cobler's Wife *Joan* began to awake: *I faith* (says the Cobler) *you must be gone, my Wife Joan begins to grumle, she will awake presently, and I would not for half the Shoes in my shop she should find you here.*

So taking the King by the Hand, he led him up Stairs, saying, *Farewel honest Blade; it shall not be long before I make a Holy-day, and come to see thee at Court.*

You shall be kindly welcome replied the King

So they parted, the King on his Way to *Whitehall*, and the Cobler to his Cellar, and there putting

ting all Things to Rights before his Wife Joan got up, went to Work again whistling and singing as merrily as he us'd to do; being much satisfied that he happened on so good and jovial a Companion, still caressing himself in his Thoughts, how merry he should be when he came to Court.

C H A P. III.

How the Cobler prepared himself to go to the Court, and how he was set out after the best Manner, by his Wife Joan.

NOW as soon as the King came Home he sent Orders out about the Court, that if any one enquired for him by the Name of *Harry Tudor*, they should immediately bring the Person before him, whatever he was, without any further Examination of him. Now the Cobler thought every Day a Month, till he had been at Court to see his new Acquaintance, and was much troubled how he should get Leave of his Wife *Joan*, for he could not go without her Knowledge, by Reason he did resolve to make himself as fine as he could; for his Wife always kept the Keys of his Holyday Clothes. Whereupon one Evening as they sat at Supper, finding her in a very good Humour he began to lay open his Mind to her, telling her the whole Story of their Acquaintance, repeating it over and over again, that he was the honestest Fellow that ever he met withal. Husband, quoth she, because you have been so ingenuous to tell me the whole Truth

Truth, I will give you Leave to make a Holy-day for this once ; you shall go to the Court, and I will make you as fine as I can.

So it was agreed that he should go the next Day ; whereupon *Joan* rose betimes the next Morning, to brush up her Husband's Holy-day Cloaths, and so make him as snug as she could ; she wash'd and ironed the Lace Band, and made his Shoes shine, that he might see his Face in them. Having done this, she made her Husband to rise and pull off his Shirt, then she wash'd him with warm Water from Head to Foot, putting on him a clean Shirt, afterwards she dress'd him in his Holy-days Clothes, pinning his Lac'd Band in prim.



CHAP. IV.

The Cocker's Reception at Court, with the Manner of his Behaviour before the King.

THE Cocker being thus set forth, strutted through the Streets like a Crow in a Gutter, thinking himself as fine as the best of them all. In this Manner he came to Court, staring on this Body and on that Body, as he walked up and down, and not knowing who to ask for *Hary Tudor*, at last he espied one, as he thought in the Habit of a serving Man, to him he made his Address, saying,

Deft

Dost thou hear honest Fellow? Do you know one Hary Tudor, which belongs to the Court?

Yes, said the Man, follow me, and I will bring you to him.

With that he had him presently up into the Guard-Chamber, telling one of the Yeomen of the Guard, there was one that enquired for *Hary Tudor*.

Replied the Yeoman, I know him very well, if you will please to go along with me, I will bring you to him immediately.

So the Cobler followed the Yeoman, much admiring the Finery of the Rooms he went through; he thought within himself, that the Yeoman was mistaken in the Person whom he enquir'd after. *For, said he, him who I look for, is a plain, merry honest Fellow, his Name is Hary Tudor, we drank two Pots together not long since, I suppose he may belong to some Lord or other about the Court.*

I tell you Friend, replied the Yeoman, I know him very well, do you but follow me, and I shall bring him to you straight.

So going forward, he came to the Room where the King was, accompanied with several of the Nobles who attended him.

As soon as the Yeoman had put by the Arras, he spake aloud saying, *May it please your Majesty, here is one that enquires for Hary Tudor.*

The Cobler hearing this, thought he had committed no less than Treason; therefore he up with his Heels, and run for it; but not being acquainted with the several Turnings and Rooms thro' which he came, he was soon overtaken and brought before

before the King, whom the Cobler little thought to be the Person he enquired after. Therefore in a trembling Condition, he fell down upon his Knees, saying,

May it please your Grace, may it please your Highness, I am a poor Cobler, and enquired for one Harry Tudor, who is a very honest Fellow: I mended the Heel of his Shoe not long since, for which he payed me nobly, and gave me two Pots to Boot, but I had him over afterwards to my Cellar, where we drank part of a Cup of nappy Ale, and was very merry, untill my Wife Joan began to grumble, which put an End to our Merriment for that Time, but I told him, I would come to the Court and see him, as soon as conveniently I could.

Well said the King, be not troubled; do you know this honest Fellow again if you see him?

The Cobler replied, *Yes, that I do from a Thousand.*

Then said the King, stand up, and be not afraid but look well about you, peradventure you may find the Fellow in this Company.

Where upon the Cobler arose, and looked wishfully upon the King, and the rest of his Nobles, but to little or no Purpose; for though he saw something in the King's Face, which he thought he had seen before, yet he could not imagine him to be *Harry Tudor*, whose Heel of his Shoe he had mended, and who had been so merry with him, both at the Inn, and at his own Cellar.

He therefore told the King, ' he did not expect to find *Harry Tudor* among such fine Folks as he saw there, but that Person he looked for was a plain, honest and true hearted Fellow: *Ad-
ding*

ding withal, that he was sure that did Harry Tudor but know that he was come to Court, he would make him very welcome."

At which Speech of the Cobler's, the King had much ado to forbear laughing out right ; but keeping his Countenance as steady as he could ; he spoke to the Yeomen of the Guard.

Here, saith he, Take this honest Cobler down into my Cellar, and let him drink my Health : I will give Orders that Harry Tudor shall come to him presently.

So away they went, the Cobler ready to leap out of his Skin for Joy, not only that he had come so well off, but also that he should find his friend Harry Tudor.



CHAP. VI.

The Cobler's Entertainment in the King's Cellar : How he met with his new Friend Harry Tudor, and how he came to know him to be the King.

THE Cobler had not been long in the King's Cellar, before the King came to him in the same Habit he had on when the Cobler mended his Shoe, whereupon the Cobler knew him, and ran and kissed him, saying,

' Honest Harry, I have made an Holy-day, on purpose to see you ; but I had much ado to get
Leave

' Leave of my Wife *Joan*, who was loath that I
 ' should lose so much Time from my Work, but
 ' I was resolved to see you : I therefore made my
 ' self as fine as I could. But I'll tell you *Hary*,
 ' when I came to the Court, I was in a Peck of
 ' Troubles how to find you out ; but at last I
 ' met with a Man, who told me he knew you very
 ' well, and that he could bring me to you, but
 ' instead of doing so, he brought me before the
 ' King, which had almost frightened me out of my
 ' seven Senses ; but in good Faith, *added the Cobler*,
 ' I am resolved to be merry with you, since I have
 ' had the good Fortune of meeting with you at
 ' last.

Ay, that you shall replied the King, we'll be
 as merry as Princes.

With that he called for a large Glas of Wine,
 and drank to the Cobler, the King's good Health.

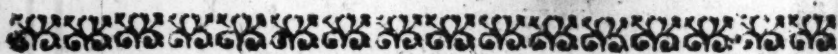
God a mercy, said the Cobler, *honest Hary*, I
will pledge thee with all my Heart.

Now after the Cobler drank about four or five
 good Healths, he began to be merry, and fell a
 singing his old Songs and Catches, which pleased
 the King very much, and made him laugh heartily.
 When on a sudden, several of the Nobles came
 into the Cellar, extraordinary rich in Apparel,
 who stood bare at *Hary Tudor*. Which put the
 Cobler into a great Amazement at first ; but re-
 covering himself, he looked more wishfully upon
Hary Tudor, when presently he knew him to be
 the King, whom he saw in the Presence-Chamber,
 though in another Habis ; he immediately fell
 upon his Knees, saying, *May*

May it please your Grace, your Highness, I am an honest poor Cobler, and mean no Harm.

No, no, said the King, nor shall receive none here. He commanded him therefore to rise up, and be as merry as he was before, and though he knew him to be the King; yet he should use the same Freedom with him as he did before, when he mended the Heell of his Shoe.

This kind Speech of the King's, and three or four Glasses of the Wine more, made the *Cobler* to be in as good Humour as he was before, telling the King several of his pretty Stories, and singing some of his best Songs, very much to the Satisfaction of the King and all his Nobles.



The Cobler's Song in the KING'S Cellar, &c.

To the Tune of *Jenny Gin.*

COME let us drink the other Pot,
Our Sorrows to confound;
We'll laugh and sing before the King,
So let his Health go round:
For I am as bold as bold can be,
No Cobler e're was ruder;
Then here good Fellow, here's to thee,
remembering *Hary Tudor.*
When I'm at Work within my Stall,
Upon him I shall think;
His kindness I to Mind will call,
Whene're I eat or drink;

His

His kindness was to me so great,
 The like was never known ;
 His kindness I will still repeat,
 And so shall my Wife *Joan*.
 I'll laugh when I sit in my Stall,
 And merrily will sing,
 That I with my poor Last and Awl,
 Am Fellow with a King :
 But it is more I must confess,
 Than I at first did know,
 But *Harry Tudor* ne'er the less,
 Resolves it shall be so.
 And now farewell unto *Whitehal*,
 I homeward must retire,
 To sing and whistle in my Stall,
 My *Joan* will me de fire :
 I do but think how she will laugh,
 When she hears of this Thing :
 How he that drunk her Nut brown Ale,
 Was *England's* Royal King.

CHAP. VI.

How the Cobler became a Courtier.

NOW the King considering the pleasant Humour of the Cobler, how innocently merry he was, and free from any Designs : That he was a Person that laboured very hard, and took a great Deal of Pains for a small Livelihood, was pleased

pleased out of his Princely Grace and Favour, to allow him a liberal Annuity of Forty Merks a Year, for the better support of his jolly Humour, and the Maintenance of his Wife *Joan*, and that he should be admitted one of his Courtiers, and might have Freedom of his Cellar whenever he pleased : Which being so much beyond Expectation, did highly exalt the Cobler's Humour, much to the Satisfaction of the King.

So after a great many Legs and Scrapes he returned Home to his Wife *Joan*, with the joyful News of his Reception at the Court, which so well pleased her, that she did not think much at the great Pains she took in triggging him up for his Journey.

N. B. In the second P A R T, you have a further Account of the Cobler's Return to his Wife *Joan*, and of the comical Discourse that passed between them : And how the Cobler returning to Court, the Queen got Notice of the Diversion he gave to King and the Courtiers, was resolved to be a Partaker of his Merriment, and how he was kept the Remainder of his Days about the Court &c. with many other Things worthy of your Attention.

F I N I S

